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THE LITTLE FOLKS.

Little Kate Greenaway.

Dear little toddler, looking so demure,
Yet flirting with thy great, fun-loving eyes,
Thou hast a claim upon me that is sure;
When, looking round, as in feigned surprise,
Thy face is shown against a breadth of hair—
A face that has the sweetness of the May,
And adding all that beauty puts to that
I have—Kate Greenaway.

Nor would I ever have thee changed a whit!
Not any trailing robe for that long gown,
Nor any feathered hat to go with it!
Thine is the dearest costume of the town;
Even Solomon in all his glory knew
Of nothing half so simple and so gay
As these dear dresses that belong to you—
Little Kate Greenaway.

Although thou art not much above my knee,
Art a trudge about in Cinderella shoes,
The sunniest smile is all the world to me;
A sight of thee fast drives away the blues
When other maidens spurn or treat me chill.
But let them go. I care not any way
So long as thou art kind and gentle still,
Dear little Greenaway.

But what of all my awkward rhyming, Kate,
And all my admiration so sincere,
It is the sharpest irony of fate—
These words that I've confessed and written here.
There are so many duplicates
That he who at your feet his heart would lay,
Could never point three out among thy mates,
Little Kate Greenaway.

Mrs. Sawyer's System.

BY FLORENCE B. HALLOWELL.

"Can't we have dinner an hour earlier to-day, mother? I want to go to the base-ball match at Woodville Park," cried Harry Sawyer, bursting into the kitchen where his mother was ironing one warm day in July.

"Dinner an hour earlier! You must be crazy, Harry, to ask such a thing! No, indeed, it would be too inconvenient."

"But the match is to begin at 1 o'clock—just our dinner hour—mother, and it would be no fun to get there when the game is half over. Can't you have dinner at 12 o'clock, just for once? Please do."

"No, I can't," answered Mrs. Sawyer. "It is 10 o'clock now, and to get dinner ready by 12 I would have to go to work at it at once. The peas are not even shelled. And some one would have to go to the field after your father, or he would know nothing of the change."

"I'll shell the peas, mother, and I can go after father, too."

"You couldn't do this ironing, though, and I must finish it up by noon. It would put me out for all day to stop now. I guess it won't hurt you not to see the base-ball match, Harry. You have too much base-ball in your head as it is."

"But all the fellows are going, mother, and they'll think it so strange if I'm not there. But never mind, I'll do without my dinner."

"And walk all the way to Woodville Park in this hot sun on an empty stomach! No, indeed. You'd be sick in bed, and I'd have you to nurse. And I've enough on me without that, goodness knows."

"Then give me a sandwich to take with me."

"I haven't a bit of bread in the house. I'm going to make biscuits for dinner."

"Haven't you anything I could eat?"

"Not a thing. Don't be so persistent, Harry. Why can't you learn to give up gracefully?"

"I think you might borrow some bread from Mrs. Wheeling," said Harry, beginning to look sullen.

"Borrow bread! What an idea! I never did such a thing in my life. What would Mrs. Wheeling think of me!"

"Tom Woodford's mother is going to have an early dinner."

"Come, Harry, you've said enough. Go out now, and let me go on with my work."

Harry obeyed, but the look he cast on his mother as he left the kitchen was not a pleasant one. He threw himself down on the grass under a tree, and pulled his straw hat over his eyes, feeling very miserable and very much abused. He lived in a small, country settlement, and had few recreations or amusements. Base-ball was his hobby, and he was "catcher" on the Eagle Nine, a club composed of the best ball-players in the settlement. They played matches with other country clubs and "picked nines" whenever they had a chance, but Harry had seen only one professional game. It was not strange he was so anxious to go to Woodville Park to see the great game to be played between two noted Western clubs. He had looked forward to it for days, and talked it over with "the fellows" until the subject had been worn threadbare. It was a terrible disappointment to him not to go. If he had not been too old to indulge his emotions without restraint, it is probable he would have cried; and his feelings toward his mother were very bitter.

"Everything has to give way to her hour system," he muttered, angrily. "I'm sick of living by rule."

By one of the kitchen windows old Grandma Chance sat knitting, and as Harry left the room she laid her work in her lap and took off her spectacles—an unfailing sign that she was about to speak. She was a woman who, now that old age had crept upon her, seldom spoke unless it appeared to her absolutely necessary.

"Harriet," she said, in her slow, deliberate voice, "thirty years ago I was as good a driver with my work as you are, and quite as fond, perhaps, of living by a certain rule and system; and it seemed to me a dreadful thing if my living was not all done by Wednesday noon. But I would rather have an early dinner every day for a week than have received one such look from your brother George as Harry gave you just now."

Mrs. Sawyer looked a little disturbed, and her face flushed as she bent over her ironing-board. But she made no reply, and grandma presently took up her knitting again.

When the bell rang for dinner at one o'clock Harry came in with lagging step and took his seat at the table. He ate scarcely anything, kept his eyes steadily on his plate, and there was a sullen, resentful look on his face. His mother took no notice of his mood, but spoke to him as usual when occasion demanded. She was not yet quite willing to admit to herself that she had done wrong.

The ironing was done, and after the dinner dishes were washed and the kitchen put in order she went upstairs to put the clothes away. Then she dressed herself for the afternoon and went down into the yard, carrying her mending with her.

For three hours she sat under a tree and darned and patched without pausing a moment; but her thoughts were not on her work. Her mother's reproof kept recurring to her in spite of her most persistent efforts to forget it, and she could not avoid asking herself if she had done right in refusing Harry's request. She had not intended to be either unkind or unjust. She loved her children, and made many sacrifices for them—as every mother must. But she was a woman who prided herself greatly on her order and system. She had certain days for doing certain things, and the work was marked out for certain hours.

It irritated and disturbed her to have her system interfered with in the least, and her husband and children, recognizing this fact, were careful to bear in mind her various rules and regulations. Mrs. Sawyer thought this only considerate, and due to her position as wife and mother. But now she questioned if it would not have been better to suffer the annoyance of having dinner an hour earlier than to have disappointed Harry. Was it best to maintain her system at the cost of filling her boy's heart with anger and bitterness? After much earnest consideration she came to the conclusion that she had made a mistake, and had rightly deserved her aged mother's rebuke.

Her heart was heavy, and when six o'clock struck, and she laid aside her needle to prepare for supper, her face wore a troubled, anxious look, unusual to it.

Harry complained of a headache when he came in, and would not eat.

"I hope you're not going to be sick, Harry," said Mr. Sawyer, kindly.

"It wouldn't make any difference to anybody if I *did* get sick," muttered Harry, in a resentful tone.

Mr. Sawyer looked surprise, for he knew nothing of his son's disappointment of the morning. But he wisely made no comment whatever.

That night, after putting little Bell to bed, Mrs. Sawyer went to the window of the child's room, and stood there for a moment looking out on the garden below. Her thoughts were of Harry, and she felt greatly distressed when she saw him lying on a bench near the gate, his hands over his face.

While debating in her mind the propriety and expediency of going to him and confessing that she had been in error, the gate opened to admit Harry's special crony, Tom Woodford. He went straight to the bench, of course.

"Say, where were you this afternoon?" he asked in a loud, cheerful voice. "We fellows came to the conclusion you must have got a sunstroke. It was a grand game! I wouldn't have missed it for anything."

"I couldn't go: mother couldn't manage to give me an early dinner," said Harry.

"Seems to me she might have worked it if she'd tried hard," said careless Tom. "*My* mother did."

"Well, my mother is different from other mothers, I guess," said Harry. "Anyhow, I couldn't get it."

Mrs. Sawyer heard no more, though Tom went on to tell of the features of the great game. She sank down on a low stool by the window and bowed her face in her hands, her whole frame shaking with emotion.

Different from other mothers. Oh, that her boy should have felt that! That he should be growing up to manhood contrasting her unfavorably with the "other mothers" he knew! And it had been the result of her system, of those iron-cast rules that had appeared to her so necessary for the maintenance of order and comfort.

She hesitated no longer about going to her boy. When she heard the gate slam and Tom's departing footsteps, she rose at once, and two minutes later she was kneeling by the old bench, her arms about Harry's neck, and sobbing as if her heart would break, while she told him how sorry she was that she had caused him such bitter disappointment.

Did Harry respect his mother any the less for her self-abasement? No, he loved her a thousand fold more dearly for it. They talked together for an hour, and when at length they went into the house at the hour for retiring, the heart of each was at peace, and Harry had never again occasion to think that his mother was different—except for being better and kinder—than other mothers. Mrs. Sawyer had learned a lesson, and the profit from it was great.—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

Bringing Up Boys in Germany.

The manual training-schools in Germany are intended especially for the class of boys who idle away their time before and after school on the street.

The regular session closes at about half-past two o'clock in the afternoon, and after this time the boys who, either through poverty or the indifference of parents, are not properly and healthfully employed must attend the industrial schools for the rest of the day.

In the summer time the boys, divided into classes, each under the supervision of a teacher, are trained systematically in all the branches of gardening. At other seasons of the year the boys are engaged at various light crafts in work-rooms, such as the making of baskets, brushes and brooms, and plain carpentry, where the use of tools is taught. Type-setting and book-binding are taught to the advanced and older classes.

Each boy receives a small remuneration for his work when it is faithfully and obediently performed. The money, however, is not directly paid to him, but is put into a savings bank for him, and from time to time he receives his certificates of deposit.

The girls are taught knitting and all kinds of sewing in the same systematic manner. Every lesson is made a class drill. The children work by dictation, all in the room doing the same work at the same time. Every new mesh or stitch that is introduced is first illustrated by the teacher before the class on a rectangular frame, two feet by eighteen inches, which is high enough for all to see.

A Schoolboy's Blunder.

It is believed that the study of grammar presents the most difficulty to the average pupil, but the logic of arithmetic is probably a great stumbling-block. Pupils learn to rattle off the rules and do all the examples in the book, but a practical question finds them wofully deficient.

The manager of a panorama sent some "scholars' tickets" to a public school, on presentation of which the pupils would be admitted for 25 cents, instead of 50 cents, the usual price.

The principal explained the nature of this offer to the boys, when one of them arose, and, having grasped the idea that the possession of a ticket reduced the price of admission one-half, propounded this astonishing query:

"Please, sir, if I had two of those tickets, could I get in for nothing?"

The teacher and the rest of the boys saw the joke, but that the stupid fellow was quite serious was proved by his anger at the laughter his question provoked.

Living for Others.

No one liveth to himself, and no one dieth to himself. When we realize this fact, and live in the spirit of brotherhood, we are all doing something to put an end to war in all its forms—international war, social war, party and sectarian war. No nation can live to itself, or die to itself; its prosperity and its decay must influence other nations for good or evil. No nation can be independent of other nations. No body of men in society, no industrial or professional class, can be independent of other classes. Society must rise or fall as a body. When the poor are oppressed the rich suffer, too. The contagion of ignorance, of immorality, of disease or crime passes into every part of social life. We are members of a great body, sharing its joys and sorrows.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

Humor of the Little Ones.

"What I'd like to know," said a schoolboy, "is how the mouths of rivers can be so much larger than their heads."

ALBERT (aged eleven)—Pa, give me a nickel? PA (severely)—Don't you think you are too old to beg for a nickel? ALBERT (relenting)—That's so. Pa, give me a dime.—*Epoch.*

Where the Quail Belongs.

An Austin teacher was instructing his class in natural history.

"To what class of birds does the hawk belong?" he asked.

"To the birds of prey," was the reply.

"And to what class do quail belong?"

There was a pause. The teacher repeated the question:

"Where does the quail belong?"

"On toast!" yelled out the hungry boy at the foot of the class.—*Texas Siftings.*

Why He Thought He'd Wait.

Dentist—"Mr. Doppenheimer, you won't feel me pull the tooth. The gas will make you insensible. You won't know what's going on."

Doppenheimer—"Ish dot so? Well, I dinks I coomes to morrer."

Dentist—"But why not let me pull it to-day?"

Doppenheimer—"Well, I don' yoost know how much monish der wash in my pocked-book."—*Life.*

A MILK-WHITE gopher snake seventeen feet six inches long, and having a part of his tail cut off at that, has just been slain down in Glynn County, Georgia.

FOR THE LADIES.

A HALF-HOUR CHAT WITH OUR FAIR DAUGHTERS.

The Latest Fashions Discussed, and Suggestions Made in Relation to Becoming Toilets—Ever Fickle Fashion's Demands and Requirements.

[NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.]

Fashion plates are usually cruel to fat women. The figures depicted are invariably slender. The designers of styles seem to ignore the fact that any woman ever grows to a greater girth than twenty inches at the waist. The consequence is that only a small percentage of the garments conceived in the minds of these artists are adapted to actual wear by other than a very small minority of our belles. The revival of the polonaise, therefore, is a good thing for plump women, because it allows them to wear becomingly arranged draperies.

"It is a positive fact," said a practical designer of costumes, 'that feminine clothes are more adaptable to concealing fat than is the garb of men. To get proof of this you have only to observe any actress, with a rounded figure, as she appears in a masculine attire. Cora Tanner, who is just now acting in a new piece wherein for a short time she masquerades as a young dandy, provides an exhibit in this line. In skirts she appears to be simply a fairly plump person, but when she gets into a swallow-tail coat and trousers her bulk seems to have curiously been doubled. But you ask me for a few general points of instruction for stout women. I have a great many of them to deal with, and in cases when they are obedient I can usually satisfy their desire to appear smaller than they are. Only a day or two ago a mother and daughter came here to have designs made for several toilets. In the course of conversation the young lady naively remarked: 'There is too much of mamma, you see. She doesn't mind it much, nor would I, only that we both have the same close family resemblance. Although she weighs two hundred and I weigh precisely half as much, our faces are very similar, allowing for the difference in ages, and it must occur to anybody who thinks of it for a second that twenty years from now I shall very likely be exactly of mamma's figure. Now, there is no telling how many advantageous offers of marriage I lose through that fact. So I want mamma to dress herself in a way to apparently reduce her size as much as possible.' Women who are too stout



TOO MUCH OF MAMMA.

should avoid bright colors, except for trimmings only. Black or very dull shades are best, and even white is preferable to anything brilliant. They must not increase the breadth of their shoulders by bouffant effects, unless their width at that point is disproportionately narrow as compared with their waist. They must try to produce a shapely waist by means of V-shaped trimmings both back and front. That is a better device than excessive tight lacing, which usually aggravates rather than moderates the suggestion of fatness. The variety in designs of bodices is now so great that anybody, no matter how badly shaped by nature, may at least be very considerably improved by art. And a fat woman must not be afraid to add artificial expanse to herself. It is on that point that I have to argue with my fat customers. But I generally convince them that a good deal of foundation is essential for them, no matter what the prevailing fashion as to bustles may be. A distention of the draperies at the rear of the skirt reduces, by means of proportion—and it is proportionately that the eye judges of everything—the seeming size of a woman."

The second picture is an accurate sketch of two new promenade costumes. Their peculiarity is that the bodices are extra heavy jerseys, very fine in texture, and fitting the figure snugly; but they have none of the look of the original jerseys, for they are elaborately embellished, and they are so harmonious with the skirts as to be merely an undistinguished portion of the toilet. Elaborate garniture in beading and braiding is a principal characteristic of the latest autumn dresses. Those who deem braiding as too old, or too familiar, are replacing it exclusively by cut out applique work on the panels, skirt borders and coat accessories. A contrast in color will be the rule, the various leather shades upon dark-colored cloth being most effective. Passementeries in cord and crocheted effects, both in black and in colors, will be as popular as ever, jets being sometimes introduced, but they must be very, very fine cut beads, with no pendants. Some new cord galloons in delicate oriental colorings, with fine metaline threads interwoven, are dainty and refined.

September and October are the favorite months of the year for lawn tennis. Tournaments are being held by players more expert than the average, and decidedly fashionable girls figure conspicuously on these public occasions. Many of our Fifth avenue belles do not hesitate to play on the Central Park lawns. A drive through any of the suburbs of the city reveals lawn tennis as the popular autumn exercise, and hardly a handsome villa is without its section of green sward devoted to the sport. The feminine costumes dictated by fashion for the tennis courts are this season made usually of white flannel, although the lighter colors of that fabric are also used.

A tennis gown deemed a prime model is described as follows: The material was of bright poppy-red nun's veiling made with long drapery, lifted in front to show a white voile petticoat, cut up the left side, with the edge nearest the front turned outward, showing a band of white open-work embroidery. Three bows of white ribbon were placed at distances on the work. Two strips of embroidery ran up between the ribbons to form the requisite width. The bodice was made like a covert coat, with loose fronts, the cuffs being of open-work embroidery. The high collar was turned over with the same and fastened at the throat with two large mother-of-pearl buttons, connected by a little silken cord with two tasseled ends, the sleeves being open and tied together with the same. The hat was a red sailor, with broad brim lined with white straw, and trimmed with poppies, "blow-aways," and ox-eyed daisies. Far enough removed from the simplicity that characterizes some of the tennis costumes was that worn by a New York girl at Lenox, the other afternoon. A skirt of white



ON BROADWAY.

woolen material was bordered by a four-inch braid of a russet tint. A narrower braid outlined the draperies and the bodice, the latter being cut away to reveal a full vest of white India silk. A large white hat was trimmed with loopings of copper or russet-tinted ribbon; white gloves and shoes matched the trimming. Another still more artistic costume consisted of a cream-white canvas cloth, striped with alternate lines of rich brown and gold color. The draperies were caught by floating ends of gold-colored ribbons, while the gold-colored silk blouse, smocked to the shoulders, fell over a belt of brown leather, in which was carelessly thrust a loose bunch of black-eyed Susans, the rich brown centers and deep yellow petals of which matched exactly the colors of the costume.

The daddies who play tennis and croquet seem to have gone into rivalry with the belles in the matter of picturesque costumes, and comical they are, as a rule, and the specimen herewith sketched is no exaggeration. Small polo caps on their heads and black stockings on their legs have a belittling effect upon the extremities of most of the masculine players who affect them, and the girls profit by the contrast between the figures cut by their male companions and their own graceful outlines. But there is one thing about out-door exercise that bothers the girls very much, and that is the effect of wind and sun on their complexions. Exposure to autumn air is always dreaded for its production of roughness of the skin, but that has been regarded as temporary and repairable; but there is a new idea that wrinkles and crow's-feet are also developed, and that is why nine in ten of our fair tennis and croquet players



SWELLS AT CROQUET.

keep with their faces and necks smeared with oil. A favorite preparation for this purpose is a cold cream prepared from tallow and cucumber juice, which is more readily absorbed by the skin than ordinary grease, and, perhaps, really does do some good by replenishing the wasted subcutaneous fatty tissue. This concoction is not quite so unpleasant to use as ordinary oils, and it may not disturb the slumber of the tired wielder of a racket or mallet but really the sight of a sleeping girl encrusted with even the most delicate of cold greases should defend her against sentimental marauders.—*Chicago Ledger.*

Fashion's Fallies.

IRISH poplins are in high favor among London ladies.

FORMER greens and magnanimite shades are very popular.

THE octopus is a favorite design for old-silver chatelaines and combination belts.

RED wool dresses, so popular at the seaside, are predicted for this and the next season.

MANY of the new imported gowns are made with turn-down collars of velvet and moire.

ONE rather pretty conceit in the way of a tea gown is of soft black surah, with scrub linings, the tablier, jabot, neck ruche and puffs at the waist being made of black silk tulle net, very fine and wrought in a pretty pattern with cream-colored lace.

What Is Clay?

A common mistake, often made of late in connection with processes of cheapening aluminium, is corrected by Mr. W. Matteu Williams. The writers describe clay as alumina, or the oxide aluminium, even a well-established text-book on geology enumerating "alumina or pure clay" among the constituents of rocks, and an old dictionary of geology stating that "when clay is quite pure and unmixed it is termed alumina." But pure clay has a more complex composition. "It is a hydrated silicate of alumina, i. e., a compound of solid water with the oxide of silicon and alumina (whether wet or dry) has the characteristic plastic properties of clay. If clay were mere alumina, the problem of making aluminium would be materially simplified."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

A Matter of Common Notoriety.

Charlie Knickerbocker—What's the matter, Gus? You look as if you wath annoyed.

Gus Snobberly—I am weal mad, Chollie.

"What's up?"

"Did you heah that my friend, Fweddy Gebbard, wath called an ath at the club lath night?"

"I hadn't hweared it, Chollie, but I've known it for a long time now."

AMUSING PARAGRAPHS.

GOD made the country, but the landlord gets the profits.—*Boston Transcript.*

DID the legend "Keep off the grass" originate with the lawn order league?—*Boston Bulletin.*

THE counterfeiter is not a man who fits a counter. A carpenter does that. So does a dude, sometimes.—*Arcola Record.*

HE has come to the Morgue to claim a lost relative: "Has he any peculiarity by which he can be recognized?" "Yes, he is dumb."

PHILADELPHIA girl (at the seashore)—Do you ever find bottles which tell of wrecks? Native—Yes, mum; often—empty bottles.

THE street-car of the future may be run after more scientific principles, but the street-car of the passed is run after most eagerly now—*Puck.*

IN Japan the frog is the symbol of falling water. The symbol of falling water in this country is the picnic.—*Burlington Free Press.*

REQUESTED to define the word "dentist," Saphir said: "He is a man who pulls out other people's teeth to get something for his own to bite."

PAPA—Now run away, Bobby, papa's busy. Bobby (holding up his joined hands cupwise)—Drop a nickel in the hole, papa, and you'll see me go.

"GOOD-BY," said Mrs. Yeast to her butcher, as she was leaving the city for the summer. "We shall meat again in the fall."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

"WHAT a rare smile Emily de Bryster has." "Rare! I should say it was rare! I've been watching her for two days and she only smiled once.—*Harper's Bazar.*

HUSBAND—I think we had better give up our pew in the church for awhile, my love. Wife—Why? Husband—I am going in the coal business, and I hate hypocrisy.

HE—I see Miss Jones is back from Paris. She (a spirited rival)—I noticed her dress was cut rather low, but I didn't suppose you could see her back from that distance.

PROFESSOR—Can any one in the class tell me why the ancients believed the world was square? New pupil—Because they never had a chance to look 'round to find out.

AT a concert lately, after the ballet lady had warbled "Would I Were a Bird," great excitement was created by a stalwart miner in the audience shouting "Would I were a gun."

"DOES poetry run in the blood?" asked a pensive-eyed poet of a country editor. "I don't know, sir; but if you bring any of your infernal rot here you'll find that poetry will make your blood run."

DE SMITH—What's the matter with Lawntie? Travers—He seems to have something on his mind. De Smith—If it's an idea it will give him brain fever, as sure as the world.—*Burlington Free Press.*

THE papers are again printing a table by which to tell one's age. No woman will look at it. She don't want to know how to tell her age, and she wouldn't tell it if she did know how.—*Boston Transcript.*

THE stereotyped answer: Mr. Inkling (who aspires to authorship and matrimony)—Well, I've seen her. I did it; it's over! "Ah indeed, and what was the result?" "Oh, just the same as usual; 'declined, with thanks.'"

IN Lyons, France, a merchant advertised a "take-off sale on the American plan, and it was a good take off, too. The police took him off to jail, and the court fined him $200 for adopting American ideas.—*Detroit Free Press.*

THEY had been married a month: She—Who's to go? He—Oor's. She—For ever, and ever, and ever? He—Ees, I is. She—Has co dot five dollars for oor baby, dear? He—Thunder! no, Melinda. Think I'm made of money, don't you?—*Time.*

MR. WINKS (at a party)—Who is that gentleman you were talking to? Mrs. Winks—I did not hear his name, but he is some great scientist. "How do you know?" "O, from the awkward, tomfool way in which he talks to women."—*Philadelphia Record.*

AGENT—So you want a pension, eh? Applicant—that's what I'm here for, Agent—You're a healthy-looking fellow. What's your disability? Applicant—Caught cold in the draft of 1864.—*Burlington Free Press.*

NOT a favorite of fortune: "Young man," he said, solemnly, "do you ever contemplate the time when you will occupy a mansion in the skies?" "A mansion? No, sir; I'll be luckier than I've ever been in this world if I get a three-room flat on the ou'skirts."—*Life.*

"DID you bake these biscuits?" he asked at the supper table. "Yes, George; I made them expressly for you," she unwisely replied. "And yet," said George, vainly trying to pry open a biscuit, "you have always told me you loved me, and couldn't live without me!"—*Norristown Herald.*

THEY were talking about diving: Jones—I've known a man to dive down and come up seventy-five yards from where he went in the water. Brown—That's nothing. A New York cashier having robbed the safe of his employer, in a fit of remorse plunged into New York harbor, and two months afterward turned up in Europe. How is that for a dive?—*Texas Siftings.*

A Strategetic Bet.

A good story is told of an actor who recently paid a visit to Cohoes. He had but $3 dollars to reach home, and the thought struck him that if could get some one to bet with him he might attain the desired amount. He entered a saloon kept by an Irishman, told him his plight, saying he wanted to make a bet. "All right!" said the bartender, who had just purchased a ham, "I'll bet you $1.50 that you can't carry this ham across the street and back without laying it down." The bet was promptly accepted and the actor seized the ham by the string, walked across the street and back and laid the ham on the floor. "You've lost," said the Irishman, "you laid it down; but here comes a friend of mine and you can get even." The friend readily bit at the bait. He seized the ham, walked across the street and back and hung the ham on a hook, thus winning the stakes. It is not known whether the actor has reached his destination yet.

Went On His Way Rejoicing.

Dick (calls on Miss Smith, and spies his rival at the parlor window too late, having rung)—"Is Miss Smith in?"

Biddie—"Yes, sir."

Dick—"Very glad of it. Beastly weather outside. Don't tell her I called."—*Time.*

Mrs. Jansen, of Little Ferry, N. J., owns a cat that has formed a curious attachment for a large toad that has its home in the swampy garden. Pussy evidently enjoys the strange friendship she has formed, and since the first day she found the toad peacefully sleeping on a stone in the sunshine and joyously took it gently by its shoulder with her teeth and carried it into the house, she has done the same thing every day. She is a very inteligent cat, and she always mews loudly to call the children to see the fun. Then she spends an hour in tossing the toad into the air and catching it, like a ball, allowing it to move a few yards away from her, and crawling slowly after it, or bounding straight upon it from a distance, and flattening it out on the floor. When she tires of the sport, she carries it carefully into the garden and lays it down on the spot where she picked it up. The toad makes no effort to escape, probably knowing the futility of such a course. The shoulder by which it is always carried begins to look as though it needed repairs; but the cat seems to continue the familiar relations existing between them, whether the toad likes them or not.

Log Cabin Logic.

Brawn and Brain!

The powerful engine, with its wonderful propelling power, coupled to the long train full freighted with the richest fabrics of the intellectual looms of the centuries—what obstacles can stay the progress of this mighty force, when once under full steam along life's highway!

The American with brawn and brain does not see the necessity for titles of nobility, does not care for elevation by descent, he can reach out and pluck the stars.

But with brawn or brain impaired, a man is badly hand capped in the mad race for success which is the marked characteristic of the present age.

The physical system is a most intricate piece of machinery. It ought to be kept well regulated, so that it will work harmoniously in all its parts, then it is capable of an immense amount of work.

It is said that a watch, if expected to keep perfect time, must be wound daily. It will not keep good time unless it "runs regular." More men break down because they don't "run regular" than for any other reason.

It is claimed by physicians that few men are killed by hard work. It is to the irregularities of modern social life that the high death rate is due. Men burn their candle at both ends, then wonder why it burns out so quickly.

The main thing in keeping the human machine in good working order is to keep the regulator all right. "The blood is the life," and sound health is assured so long as the blood flows through the veins a limpid stream of purity.

Regulate the regulator with Warner's Log Cabin sarsaparilla, the old-fashioned blood purifier, prepared after the best formula in use by our ancestors in good old Log Cabin days, and with the vigor of brawn and brain which must ensue, in your life's lexicon you will find no such word as fail.

ON one occasion when General Grant was visiting Boston, a well-known gentleman was entertaining him, and their talk one day while out driving turned upon the Hon. Charles Sumner, of whom the Bostonian was not an admirer. After citing a number of incidents to show the objectionable traits of the lamented Senator, the Bostonian answered: "And, do you know that, with all his conspicuous championship of morals and humanity, he doesn't believe in the inspiration of the Bible?" While speaking he looked steadily at Grant, expecting, perhaps, some exclamation as an evidence of surprise. There was, however, no especial sign. The General took a long puff at his cigar, blew the smoke away deliberately from his lips, and quietly remarked: "I am not at all surprised. He didn't write it, you know."

Letter From the Ex-Sheriff of Chautauqua County, New York.

MAYVILLE, N. Y., Dec. 2, 1885.

I am glad to say, from a long personal experience with ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS, that I am able to endorse all the good things that have ever been said about them, and supplement these by saying that I frankly believe their value cannot be estimated. Their breadth of usefulness is unlimited, and for prompt and sure relief to almost every ache and pain that flesh is heir to, no other remedy, in my opinion, either external or internal, equals them in certainty and rapidity. I have used them at one time for rheumatism, another for backache, again for bronchitis, always with the same result—a speedy cure. L. T. HARRINGTON.

To be really yourself you must be different from those around you.

Leave hope behind,
All ye who enter here!

So ran the dire warning which Dante read on the portals of the Inferno. So runs the cruel verdict of your friends if you are overtaken by the first symptoms of that terrible disease, consumption. "Leave hope behind! Your days are numbered!" And the suggestion against death is given up in despair. But while there is life, there is hope! Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has cured hundreds of cases worse than yours; and it will cure you, if taken in time. But delay is dangerous. No power can restore a wasted lung; the "Golden Medical Discovery," however, can and will arrest the disease.

Now is always the very best time if we will only make it so.

A Dream of Fair Women.

Tennyson in his exquisite poem, dreams of a long procession of lovely women of ages past. This is all very well, but the accurate would have done the world a greater service if he had only told the women of the present how they could improve their health and enhance their charms. This he might easily have done by recommending the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Health is the best friend of beauty, and the innumerable ills to which women are peculiarly subject, its worst enemies. Long experience has proven that the health of womankind and the "Favorite Prescription" walk hand in hand, and are inseparable. It is the only medicine for women, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle-wrapper, and faithfully carried out for many years.

Whistling doesn't make the locomotive go; it is the silent steam.

Offensive breath vanishes with the use of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

Excessive labor is wrong, but judicious labor is the study and live of life.

Bronchitis is cured by frequent small doses of Piso's Cure for Consumption.

LOG CABINS, lacking elegance, were yet comfortable homes. Health and happiness were found in them. The best of the simple remedies used are given to the world in Warner's Log Cabin Remedies made by Warner of Safe Cure fame. Regulate the regulator with Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla.



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I believe Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my life.—A. H. DOWELL, Editor Enquirer, Edenton, N. C., April 23, 1887.

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